

R. Dibdin Esq. 643.2.8.
4
ROSE and COLIN,

A
COMIC OPERA,
IN
ONE ACT.

As it is performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
COVENT GARDEN.



L O N D O N:

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following little Piece is an imitation of the French comic operas of one act, which are generally characterized, either by their natural simplicity, or some single striking incident, and little or nothing more is designed.—It is now first attempted to introduce this species of entertainment on the English theatre, as containing excellent situations for light airs.—On the French stage, notwithstanding all their merit, they tire in the length of time taken for representation ; and, were they spun out to the common length of our after-pieces, it is conceived they would be found still more insufficient.

The subject matter therefore being wholly preserved, and the dialogue both varied and compressed, they are, with every deference, submitted to public judgment.

C. D I B D I N.

C H A R A C T E R S.

M E N.

<i>GREGORY,</i>	<i>Mr. REINHOLD,</i>
<i>HIGGINS,</i>	<i>Mr. FEARON,</i>
<i>COLIN,</i>	<i>Mrs. FARRELL.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>GOODY FIDGET,</i>	<i>Mrs. PITT,</i>
<i>ROSE,</i>	<i>Miss BROWN.</i>

SCENE, the inside of a Cottage.

ROSE and COLIN,

A

COMIC OPERA.

SCENE I.

The inside of a Cottage, on one hand a stair-case, on the other a window which opens and shuts; under the window is a table and arm chair, and very near it are hanging a saddle and bridle; on the table are a cushion and bobbins for making lace, a spinning-wheel and several skiens of flax are lying about; and there is another chair upon which (in the course of the piece) Rose sets down to work. Rose is discovered.

A I R.

*P*OO R Colin! ah me, how I fear,
Lest he should rashly venture here!

*I'm quaking like a timid mouse,
My father runs through all the house,*

Over-

ROSE AND COLIN,

*Overturning every chair and table ;
The barn, the outhouse, and the stable ;
Across the farm-yard, in the streets,
Threatning every thing he meets.*

Poor Colin, &c.

*What the deuce can be come to him ?
If with tears I would subdue him ;
With anger he directly burns,
And raves and scolds, and swears by turns ;
Crying, since Eve, better nor worse,
Women were born to be a curse.*

Poor Colin, &c.

Rose. I can't think for the life of me what my father would be at, running about so :—I must get him out some how, for if Colin should come, and he should see him—

SCENE II.

ROSE, GREGORY.

Greg. What are you standing here with your hands before you like a gentlewoman for ?

Rose. Father, I—

Greg. I—well—why don't you go to work ?

Rose. I left my work, father, to look for—

Greg. To look for what ?

Rose. A—for your—a—for your hat, father:

Greg.

A C O M I C O P E R A.

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Greg. My hat !—what the devil do you want with my hat ?—well there then you have found 'tis upon my head.

Rose. Because seeing you run about so, I thought you wanted it to go out.

Greg. To go out !—what should I go out for ?

Rose. Why you talked of going out to buy some corn.

Greg. Yes, but my neighbour Higgins's son gone to buy for us both.

Rose. What, Colin ! (*sighing.*)

Greg. Yes, Colin—what do you sigh for ?

Rose. Nothing, (*sighs again.*)

Greg. (*a knocking at the door*) See who's at the door.

Rose. (*as she goes across*) I can't get him out.

Greg. Sighing and whining—A young dog, he has caught her, I can see that plain enough.

S C E N E III.

GREGORY, ROSE, HIGGINS.

Rose. 'Tis farmer Higgins, father.

Greg. Farmer, I am glad to see thee—go and draw some ale, daughter, (*she goes off.*)

Hig. Well, neighbour Gregory, how dost ?

Greg. Why, neighbour, I should be better if I was better pleas'd.

Hig. Ay !—why, what has fallen out to vex thee ?

B

Greg.

Greg. Thou shalt know—but first let me ask thy advice—we are both widowers, you know your wife has left you a son, and mine has left me a daughter.

Hig. Rose and Colin.

Greg. True—but if thy lot had been to have had the daughter instead of the son, and a young impudent dog had come when thou wast in the field, or at market, or in the barn—

Hig. What, telling a soft tale in her ear, I warrant you—why I'd tell him, says I, calling him by his name—says I, my child is another guess sort of a child, she is not for thee, thou art a libertine, and if thou com'st here again, I shall be angry, I shall brush thy jacket.

Greg. Well said, neighbour Higgins—now hear what I have got to say—last night I had been late cocking the hay, and when I come home, being a sort of owl light, I could just see some thing crawl upon all fours towards the door, so taking it for a dog I gave it a good kick—upon this my daughter runs up to me with—dear father, I'm glad you're come home, I'm glad to see you, I'm glad no mischief has happened to her, I'm glad, (*imitating her.*)

Hig. So, so.

Greg. And all this thou see'st that I might not find out what sort of a four-legged animal it was—but I'cod I was too cunning for her—looking out of the window, I found Mr. Dog to be no other than Master Colin, your son.

Hig.

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Hig. Ah, ah!—This is the reason he is fighting and flouting about so then—I can't get him of late days to mind any kind of work.

Greg. Nor can I my daughter.

Hig. What shall we do?

Greg. Why, truly, I don't know.

Hig. Suppose we marry them together.

Greg. That's true—but suppose this should be only a flighty pack of nonsense that will last but a month.

Hig. Try 'em, try 'em, let us try 'em.

Greg. How!

Hig. Here comes your daughter, seem as if we had quarrelled, and forbid me your house, then presently come to me that we may counsel together.

SCENE V.

GREGORY, HIGGINS, ROSE.

Hig. An old doating fool, to pretend that I don't know the price of grain.

Greg. Call that indeed clear wheat, when it has been half eat up by the rats.

Rose. Dear me, they seem to be quarrelling—here's the ale, father; will you please to drink, neighbour Higgins?

Hig. Not I—I won't taste a drop of his ale.

Greg. Put it down, daughter—put it down—he shan't taste a drop of it, was it ever so.

Rose. Dear father, what's the matter?

B 2

Greg:

Greg. In one word, get out of my house.

Hig. I don't want to stay in it—and, dy'e mark me? never let you or your's come near mine—an old stupid—doating—not know the price of corn indeed!

SCENE V.

GREGORY, ROSE.

Greg. Go thy ways, thou old fool—and thou, daughter, if I ever know thee speak to his son—I am going out, and if thou suffer'st that young dog to come lurking about my house—see'st thou this oak saplin—he shall get it—however for this time the key shall answer for thee—as I go out I'll double lock the door.

A I R.

*With neither dog, nor scrip, nor staff,
I rather by balf,
A flock of sheep would guard,
Then a puling wench sigbing up and a-bed,
With love in her head,
Nor would the task be balf so hard.*

*All council's thrown away and lost,
Advice is out of season,
Nor the devil a bit, no more than a post,
Can you get her to bear reason;*

Whining

A COMIC OPERA.

13

Whining,

Pining,

Groaning,

Moaning ;

It is her way,

Each hour o' th' day ;

Tell her why,

She heaves a sigh ;

Tell her to disclose her fears,

Her answer is a shower of tears.

SCENE

I

SCENE VI.

Rose. (Looking through the key-hole) Yonder he goes—what can be the matter—they were such good friends too—'tis a sad thing not to be dutiful—but 'tis a sadder thing not to love Colin.

A I R.

*I lost my poor mother
 When only a child;
 And I fear'd such another,
 So gentle and mild,
 Was not to be found.
 But I saw my mistake,
 For scarce was she gone,
 But I prov'd I had father and mother in one.
 And though, at this minute, he makes my
 heart ach,
 There's not such another, search all the
 world round.*

II.

*I'd reach'd my teens fairly,
 As blythe as a bee,
 His care, late and early,
 Being all to please me.*

*No one thing above ground
Was too good for his Rose ;
At wake or at fair,
I was dress'd out so gaily, lord, people
would stare ;
And I say it again, though he's peevish, God
knows,
There's not such another, search all the
world round.*

III.

*But love, who, they tell us,
Does many strange things,
Makes all the world jealous
And mad—even kings,
They say, he can wound.
This love is the sore
Since Colin came here,
This father, so kind, is a father severe ;
Yet still will I say, though he scolds more and
more,
There's not such another, search all the world
round.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

COLIN, ROSE.

Colin. (*knocking at the door*) Rose! Rose!

Rose. Oh dear! 'tis him, and the door is double-locked.

Colin. Rose, open the door—I've watched the old man out—what the mischief, is not she at home?—let us see.

Rose. I can't open it, dear Colin—my father has locked it—come again in the evening; he does not hear me sure — (*looking through the key-hole*) dear me, he's gone—Oh! how my heart beats—that I could not speak to him now—he was in a great hurry to go I think—Oh! the wicked rogue, there he is climbing up at the window—I'll hide myself, and vex him a little in his turn.

(*She hides herself under the stairs, and Colin opens the window.*)

Colin. (*looking in*) Rose!—Rose!—no, there's nobody at home; well, I'll leave her the posy I brought, however; (*he tries to throw it upon the table, and tumbles it upon the ground*) The deuce take it, I have let it fall upon the ground, and ten to one if her father don't trample upon it—if I could but get in now I could put it upon the table—hang it, I can get in well enough—(*As he gets in at the window he lets his hat fall*)

ON

on the outside) Well done I—my hat's tumbled—
never mind—I can pick it up when I go out.

(He gets down, puts the nosegay upon the table, and regards the cushion and bobbins with which Rose has been making lace; and Rose, now and then, either shews herself, or gets under the staircase, as she finds occasion, during the following song)

A I R.

*Here's all her geer, her wheel, her work,
These little bobbins to and fro;
How oft I've seen her fingers jirk,
Her pretty fingers white as snow!*

*Each object to me is so dear,
My heart at sight on't throbbing goes;
'Twas here she sat her down—and here—
She told me she was Colin's Rose.*

II.

*This posy, for her, when she's dress'd,
I've brought, alas! how happy I!
Could I be, like these flowers, caress'd;
And, like them, on her bosom die.*

*The violet and pink I took,
And every pretty flower that blows;
The rose too, but how mean 'twill look,
When by the side of my sweet Rose!*

(At the end of the song Colin begins climbing up to get out at window, which Rose perceiving, she throws a skein of flax at him; when he turns, speaking as he descends.)

Colin. Ah you rogue you—what you are there?

Rose. Yes, dear Colin—but don't come down, go away directly.

Colin. Nay, but dear Rose.

Rose. I'll tell thee all at night—pray now go, you frighten me out of my wits; besides, the window opens into Goody Fidget's garden, and she's a scandalous old gossip.

Colin. Never mind her.

Rose. (*Hearing her father*) My father is at the door—I hear him.

Colin. Odds wounds! I'll get away then—one kiss.

Rose. No, no—make haste.

Colin. (*He climbs up*) How happened it that
the

the casement is got so fast now—here he comes,
I must e'en stay where I am.

(He rests upon the ledge of the window, now and then trying to open the casement, and leaving off for fear of making a noise.)

SCENE VIII.

COLIN, ROSE, GREGORY.

Greg. Yes, yes, 'tis just as I feared; 'tis in every body's mouth—heyday! what's all this—the spinning-wheel in one place—the flax in another—nothing but tidling and tidling of that damned lace—'twould be better for you if you'd mind your spinning—Ah well, my comfort is, that rogue Colin's far enough off; his father has sent him away for three years (*Rose smiles to herself, but as often as her father looks at her she seems grave*) what, you pout about it—'tis cruel, is it not?—she shall have her Colin—Colin—the very name puts me in a passion; I'll trim him—I'll—but he's gone—he's gone, that's my comfort (*yawning*) come take your wheel and go to your work—I have not had my afternoon's nap—I'll try if I can sleep while you sing.

Rose. Do, father—if you don't take your afternoon's nap I am afraid you'll be sick (*she*

puts the chair on the opposite side, and takes her spinning-wheel.)

Greg. Come, sing.

Rose. What shall I sing, father?—that song about Colin?

Greg. Always Colin—nothing but Colin—sing what you've a mind—if I sleep about an hour wake me, do you hear?

Rose. Yes, father.

A I R.

*There was a jolly shepherd lad,
And Colin was his name;
And, all unknown to her old dad,
He sometimes to see Peggy came,
The object of his flame.
One day, of his absence too secure,
Her father thunder'd at the door;
When fearing of his frown,
Says she, dear love, the chimney climb;
I can't, cries he, there is not time,
Besides, I should tumble down.*

II.

*What could they do, ta'en unawares ?
They thought and thought again ;
In closets underneath the stairs,
To hide himself, 'twere all in vain,
He'd soon be found, 'twas plain ;
Get up the chimney, love, you must,
Cried she, or else the door he'll burst ;
I would not for a crown ;
Young Colin seeing but this shift,
E'en mounted up, Peg lent a lift,
And cry'd don't tumble down.*

III.

*With throbbing heart now to the door
Poor Peggy runs in haste ;
Thinking to trick her father sure,
But haste, the proverb says, makes waste,
Which proverb here's well-plac'd ;
Her father scolded her his best ;
Call'd names, and said, among the rest,
Pray have you seen that clown ?
She scarce had time to answer, no ;
When, black all over as a crow,
Young Colin tumbled down.*

(During

(During the song Colin makes several efforts to open the casement as softly as possible ; and, just at the end of it, as Rose repeats the words “ tumbled down,” for the last time, pushing it very hard, his foot slips, and he tumbles down upon the table, carrying with him the bridle and saddle which hang in his way ; this jolts Gregory almost out of his chair, who starts up.)

Colin. Icod, and so I have—what the deuce, Rose, put it in your head to sing that song ?

Greg. What’s that !—what the devil’s that—Is the house tumbling down !—what’s the matter !—

Rose. Dear father !—Colin !—

Greg. Who the devil have we got here ?

Colin. Why, ’tis I.

Greg. Oh ! ’tis you, you young rascal, is it !—and where did you come from ?—through the roof of the house, or down the chimney ?

Rose. You have not hurt yourself, Colin, have you ?

Colin. No, Rose—you en’t frighten’d, I hope, are you ?

Greg. Frighten’d ! how the devil should she be otherwise, coming into my house like a bomb or a cannon-ball—but you can set all to rights—don’t be frightened, Rose, ’tis I, your dear Colin—but tell me, once for all, what brought you here ?

Colin. I come—I—I—come, neighbour.

Greg. I come—I—I—come—for what?

Colin. To bring you home—

Greg. What!

Colin. That.

Greg. That—what the devil's that?

Colin. Why, the saddle and bridle you lent father.

Greg. Lent father—why, you dog, I never lent your father a saddle and bridle.

Colin. I hope you are pretty well, neighbour Gregory, and your daughter Rose.

Greg. Oh! yes, yes, we are mighty well, and now pray get about your business.

Colin. Lord! farmer Gregory, why are you hasty? it did not use to be so.

A I R.

*Excuse me, pray ye do, dear neighbour,
But Rose, you know, and I,
Have oft partook one sport or labour
While you have pleas'd stood by.*

*And since, from little children playing,
You've kindly call'd me son,
I thought, to Rose, I might be saying
"Good-day," and no harm done.*

II.

*When you and father gravely counted,
One morning, in the barn,
To how much, in a day, it 'mounted
That both of us could earn,*

*Since then you down the law were laying,
And calling me your son,
I thought, to Rose, I might be saying,
"Good day," and no harm done.*

Greg. Here comes your father—he'll tell you
why so.

SCENE

SCENE last:

GREGORY, COLIN, HIGGINS, ROSE,
GOODY FIDGIT.

Hig. So, farmer, Goody Fidgit here has a fine story to tell you.

Greg. Ay! why, to what do we owe the sight of her?

Goody. Why, you owe the sight of me to your own goings on—Lord! Lord! that parents, now-a-days, have no more prudence—you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, two men of your age—Thou, Nicholas Gregory, was born the 7th of January, in the year—

Greg. Well, well, we know how old we are—go on.

Goody. And you have no more grace than to let that forward minx, your daughter, chatter to that rogue Colin, every night, out of the window.

Rose. Dear, dear, how can that be, when I lie in the next room to my father?

Goody. So you do; and you get up again, and creep down a ladder by the way of the grainery.

Colin. Lord! lord!

Goody. Ah, 'tis no secret—all the village knows it.

Colin. I wish I could catch any body telling me of it, I'd have a touch at them.

Goody. Well, I tell thee of it then; now thou may'st have a touch at me if thou wilt.

D

Colin.

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Colin. 'Tis a great lie, I tell you.

Goody. It is, is it—tell me then, what did you knock at that door for, but just now, when farmer Gregory was out?

Colin. What for—why, to come in, to be sure.

Goody. But you found it locked; and, so rather than fail, you climbed up the wall, and jumped into my garden.

Colin. That's another lie, Goody.

Goody. We shall see—I can shew your father the fig-tree you broke in getting up.

Rose. What a wicked old woman you must be!

Colin. I tell you 'tis a pack of spight and malice—you broke the fig-tree yourself, I suppose, and now you have a mind to say I did it.

Goody. And pray was it I too dropped this hat, (*shewing the hat she had before hid under her apron*) which I found under the window?

Greg. Oh! ho! I am no longer at a loss to know how he came into the house.

Colin. Rose!

Rose. Colin!—what shall we do?

Hig. Get out of the house directly, you dog, and wait for me at the door.

Greg. And do you so, to your chamber, this minute.

(*Colin goes slowly towards the door, regarding Rose, who, as slowly, goes up-stairs.*)

Greg. Neighbour Higgins.

Hig. Neighbour Gregory.

Greg. Shall we try them any longer?

Hig. They'll only make fools of us if we do.

Greg. Why, I believe you are in the right—come here, both of you, (*They run towards each other*) 'tis more than you deserve, but we forgive you; and you, young dog, if you don't make her a good husband—

Colin. Ah! neighbour, there's no fear of that.

Greg. Well, we have made good the old proverb at least.

VAUDEVILLE.

Greg. *Never talk of the care of a father,
Vain,
Pain,
And argument poor!
Your children make happy much rather;
Nor ever the old crabbed Mentor
Attempt to be playing;
But think of the saying,
Love in at the window will enter,
If you shut it out at the door.*

II.

Rose. *Never maids, should the fit of love seize you,
Pine,
Whine,
But take, for a cure,
A kind constant youth that can please you.*
In

*In that will your happiness center ;
Not Cupid still shunning,
For, spite of your cunning,
He in at the window will enter
If you shut him out at the door.*

III.

Colin. *This Cupid, sly rogue, how he teazes !
All
Fall
Plump into his lure ;
And he makes just whatever he pleases
Of those in his trammels who venture ;
From a clown, up to Pliny,
And he was no ninny,
Who said at the window he'll enter,
If you shut him out at the door.*

T H E E N D .

